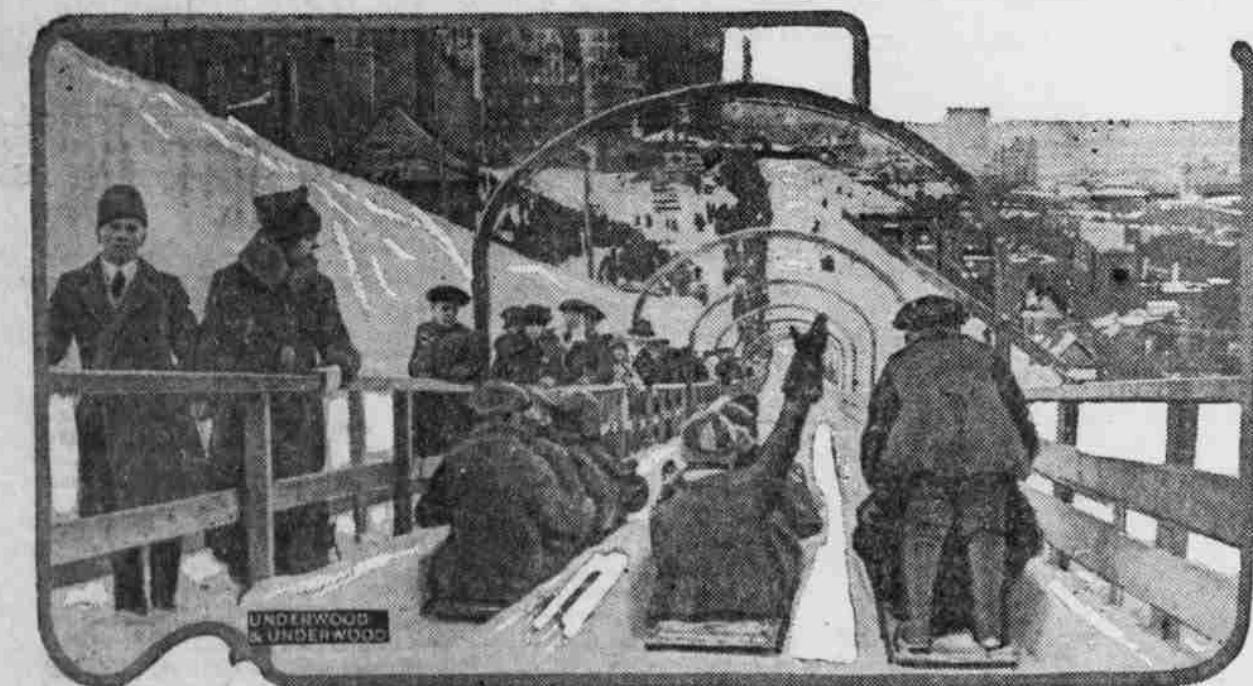


Where Winter Visitors to Quebec Enjoy Themselves



This is the popular toboggan slide on the Dufferin Terrace at Quebec, where many winter visitors to the states may be found enjoying the exhilarating sport.

FRANKLIN ON A JOURNEY



To promote patriotism, especially among young people and the foreign born, this statue of Benjamin Franklin, designed by Paul W. Bartlett, the famous New York sculptor, is to motor from Baltimore, where it was cast, on a triumphal journey to Waterbury, Conn. In part the trip will retrace the one made by Franklin when he ran away from Boston to New York City, and across New Jersey to Philadelphia, his future home.

OMAHA POLICE ARMOR



Front view of the armor which has been adopted by the Omaha police department, to be worn at all times when the men are on duty. The armor was adopted as protection against criminals, who have been causing a great deal of trouble in the city. It is composed of light plates of steel and back plates combined weigh eight pounds.

WRIST WATCH DOG



Roscoe, five months old Manchester terrier, who is claimed by his owner, Mrs. S. S. Carlson, San Francisco, to be the smallest dog of his breed. Roscoe weighs 13 ounces.

Doctrine of Reincarnation.

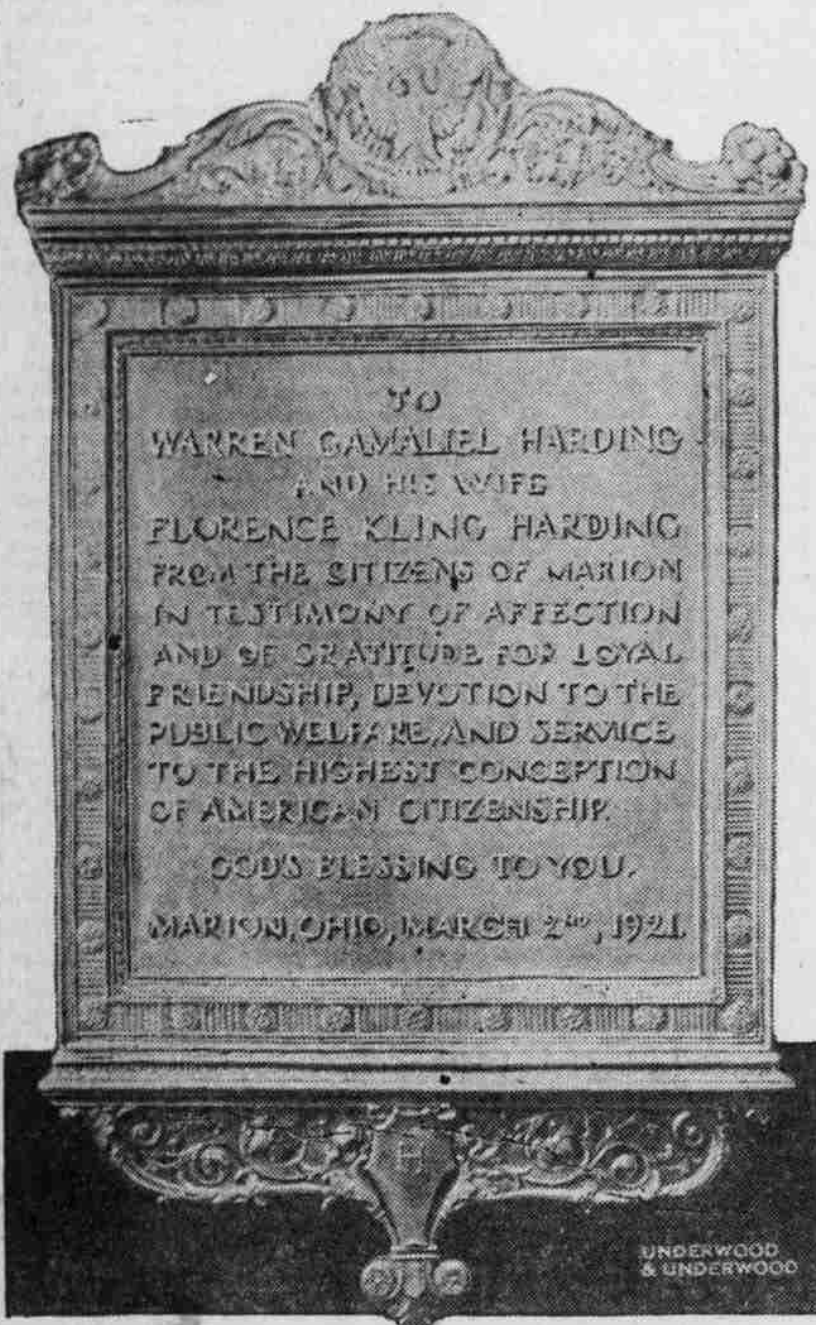
The doctrine of a previous existence being made manifest to the individual is very old, and certain sects, especially in the Far East, believe that man experiences many incarnations, carrying the memory to a greater or less degree from one incarnation to the other. Theological writers have taken up this strange state of feeling as an evidence that our mentality had an existence before our present bodily life—souls being created from the beginning.

Improved Fire Hose Coupling. Couplings for fire hose that are tightly locked by a quarter turn have been invented by a Massachusetts man.

Two Best-Educated Countries. Scotland and Switzerland rank as the best educated countries in the world.

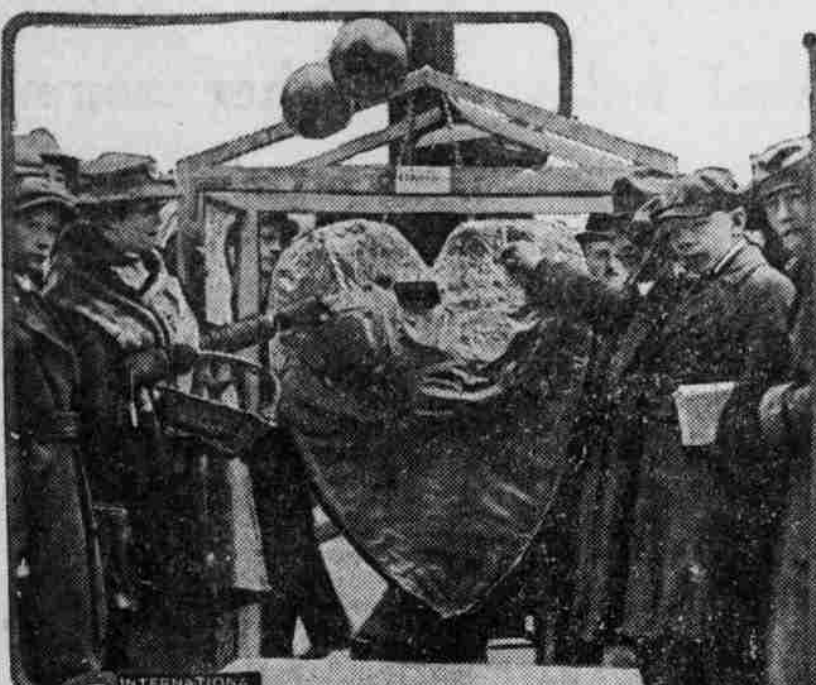
1,500 Girls in One School. Santiago, Chile, has one high school attended by more than 1,500 girls.

From Their Fellow Townsfolk



This silver plaque, bearing an inscription testifying to the regard in which their fellow townsfolk hold them, was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Warren G. Harding by the citizens of Marion, O. The presentation speech was made by Rev. Dr. H. T. McAfee, pastor of Trinity Baptist church, at the last front-porch reception on March 2.

Great Heart Filled for the Hungry



This great "heart" was utilized in New York city in collecting money for the European famine relief fund, and it was rapidly filled up, each contributor taking one of the small flags with which it was originally covered.

MUCH IN LITTLE

The government of Venezuela will add an institute of modern languages to its school of commerce. In the last 100 years only two comets—one in 1843 and the other in 1882—have been brilliant enough to be seen by day with the naked eye. People who have a tendency to write in lines slanting upward from left to right suffer from liver complaints, according to the theory of a noted French physician.

The general climate of Venus resembles a cloudy day in the lowlands of the tropics, according to astronomical scientists.

The British government's proposal for "diluting" the building industry by the absorption of former service men to alleviate unemployment has been rejected by the building operators.

A gold mine which is located on the top of one of the peaks of the Rocky mountains is connected with the crushing mill, about a mile below it, by means of a cableway which moves almost in a perpendicular line.

For use in steel plants a Pennsylvania has invented a car that is mounted on regular railroad tracks and with a body that carries molten metal and keeps it hot, pouring it out when desired.

Water falls and other vessels made of Southern white cedar were long held to have a wholesome effect on the contents because of supposed medicinal properties of the wood, says the American Forestry Magazine. It was even believed that water issuing from a white cedar spout had its healthfulness increased.

The Dark Mirror

by Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The False Faces," "The Lone Wolf," Etc.

Illustrated by IRWIN MYERS

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VI. RESCUED.

The reminiscent feeling was now more than ever strong, more insistent. The old saw failed: for once history was retelling a familiar chapter. All that she was apprehending, emotionally or through sensory perception, was mere repetition—all this she had known before.

Precisely as now had Mario carried her down the stairs of the burning tenement. Once Mario lifted her into a waiting motor-car, shut the door and, as the driver jockeyed a way through the mob, gathered her tenderly into his arms.

Or was it Leonora to whom these things had one time happened and now were happening again? Was this too a dream?

Without one regret she resigned herself to the dominion of dream; and ability to discriminate between illusion and actuality lapsed into lamented absence. So with sense of personality; there was confusion, but it was of no consequence; whether Leonora or Priscilla, she was safe with her beloved, and at rest.

Streets mean and grim dissolved as he made into a level perspective of Fifth avenue, bare and still. Hours later (or perhaps years—or minutes) the car was roaring up a forest road like a tunnel, roofed and walled with leaves whose silhouettes in the swinging headlight glare had the look of patterns cut from cardboard and painted an earthly green.

Then in the ghostly crepuscle of early dawn their way wound through wilderness hills that reared desolate heads to a wan, cold sky. . . . And the world was aflame with the red blaze of sunrise when she was lifted up, borne across a veranda, through a living room to a bedroom, and there put down upon a bed.

Mario, standing over her, had a face worn and gray with weariness. Near by a maid waited, a comely creature of middle age whose countenance of kindly cast was blurred with the stupidity of slumbers untimely broken.

The man instructed this one in a flat, dull voice:

"You will undress madame, please, and put her to bed. She will sleep late, I think; she has had a terrible adventure and is quite worn out; but should she awaken before I do, tell Hamanaka to call me instantly."

He knelt and pressed his lips to Priscilla's, to her forehead, her leaden eyelids, her languid hands.

"Dear heart of mine," he murmured. . . . "Dear wife. . . ."

He rose. Like one walking in sleep he left the room.

CHAPTER TEN

The Day of Reckoning.

I. THE BUNGALOW.

On entering the living room she heard a clock strike. Immediately she paused, counting.

Eight chimed died singing in the scented evening hush; but she did not stir, her pose remained that of one arrested sharply in some act of charming stealth, so delicately poised in apprehensiveness she seemed scarcely to touch the floor. The room was quiet, dim with shadows, but for herself unattended.

A slight sound drew her attention. She discovered a dining room beyond the living room. Soft-footed, a Japanese boy in white linen appeared, carrying two candelabra of three branches each, and vanished after placing them upon the round dining table, where their rich light fell softly on lustrous nappery, burnished silver, an iridescent bowl of cut glass filled with burning roses.

She remarked that there were places set for two.

Her regard reverted to the living room. She thought it delightful in every detail of its unpretentious luxury. Riches alone could never have created it. The wood fire ready laid in the fieldstone fireplace would presently be grateful; already there was a hint of chill in the aromatic, rare air of the hills.

She moved aimlessly to the middle of the room and paused again. A loag breath sighed on her lips. As she turned uneasily toward the veranda a duplication of the gesture made her aware of a mirror on the wall opposite.

She inspected herself gravely. She had looked up without a shadow of doubt upon her understanding; she had looked down at her feet every link in the chain of events which brought her to this place; she was acutely conscious of her anomalous position in this household, profoundly disturbed.

A remote droning noise crept into the stillness of the evening so gradually that she noted it without any astonishment; but when, gaining in volume, it became recognizable as the sustained growl of a motorcar rapidly climbing the mountain road, she began to tremble.

The air swept swiftly across the far side of the clearing, swung into the drive that led to the garage, and disappeared. The throbbing of its motor was stifled. Impatient footsteps sounded on the gravel walk.

Her body was vibrating now like a reed. The fire was burning but the windows and door were not closed; and the faintly acrid smell of wood smoke blended pleasantly with the pungent perfume of the pines.

Mario placed an easy chair for Priscilla, made it easier with cushions for her back and head, offered her cigarettes—and showed surprise when she refused them—lighted one for himself and threw it away half smoked, and knelt down beside her chair, resting his elbows on his arm and capturing one of her hands.

She tried to steel herself against the weakness of the flesh, the protests of her affections, the enervation of her sympathies, reminding herself she must be cruel to be kind. But it was terribly hard to hurt him as she must.

his kisses, the murmuring of his voice were overpowering. The quickened tumult of her pulses was like the storming of a strong surf. She loved him.

Stunned, breathless, quivering, humiliated, she found that she had somehow contrived to put him from her. The pained perplexity in his gaze cut like a knife. She turned aside, that she might not see his face.

"Forgive me," he begged. "I have been inconsiderate, thoughtless, in the joy of having you restored to me! Forgive—"

"There is nothing to forgive," she interrupted. "You've done nothing that wasn't right and natural. Only . . . Oh! How can I make you understand?"

He gave a helpless gesture. "Tell me what you wish me to understand. I will try. I love you so . . ."

Touched, she sought to smile kindly through her tears. "Give me a moment," she pleaded tremulously hands busy with the disarray of her hair—"give me a little time, Mario—"

The mellow booming of a tubular gong sounded. Mario turned impatiently. Bowing and smiling, the Japanese boy stood in the entrance to the dining room.

"Dinner is served."

By a resolute effort she succeeded in composing face and manner. Mario maintained an inquiring attitude, deferential, puzzled, hurt. Somehow she mustered a smile that only mystified him the more.

"Do something for me, Mario . . . You know you need not ask."

"Let us have dinner. I think—I'm sure I'm hungry. And let us not talk during dinner; let's pretend nothing has happened. Afterward, I promise you . . ."

"But it shall be as you wish—of course!"

II. THE IMPOSSIBLE.

She thought: never was there a meal more difficult, consumed under stranger circumstances in an atmosphere of greater constraint, never had two people broken bread together having more to say to each other and leaving more unsaid.

Opposite her, Mario barely tasted the dishes set before him. The careworn eyes in that dark, ascetic face watched her constantly if covertly. If he looked up from her plate, he dissembled studiously, his smile flashed eagerly. She was none the less conscious of his anxious expression when she was not looking—aware and distressed.

"You slept well?" he inquired.

She smiled. "Famously!"

"I am glad. You show the benefit. I think you are even more beautiful than you were, more pale, perhaps, but—how does one say it?—spirituelle. But it may be I am not a fair judge; tonight I am so happy, I see all things couleur de rose!"

His lean brown hand stole across the cloth to cover hers for a moment. "And you—are you not glad, dear, to be home with me once more?"

She said, with difficulty, in a low voice, looking down at her plate: "I am glad to be with you, Mario."

It was true: in spite of everything she was strangely glad. But it was wrong of her to say so. . . .

"I myself slept ill," he volunteered. "Then I wakened and waited for you to wake up, but you were sleeping like a child, you never stirred; one had not the heart to disturb you. Then, when it got so late, and I could no longer put off going down into the valley, I gave Martha instructions not to leave your bedside till I returned or you awakened."

She wondered: "Why?"

"I was afraid, I dared not leave anything to chance. One could not forget in what condition you would wake up. . . . If anything had happened . . . I think another disappearance would have driven me insane!"

She avoided his eyes, and asked, rather mechanically, more to say something than out of desire to know: "Why did you have to go down into the valley?"

"To telephone New York and call off the detectives. I had employed to look for you. Also to tell the villagers you were safely found, and thank them. They were most kind, those good people; fully half a hundred of them stayed up all night with me, while we searched the woods; and though many had not had a wink of sleep, they were still searching yesterday afternoon when I despaired and determined to seek you in New York."

This reminder of the sad fatality of that search, she was too deeply disturbed to wonder why he could not have telephoned to the village. . . .

The Japanese served their coffee in the living room. It was now quite dark, and the air though sweet was keen. The fire was burning but the windows and door were not closed; and the faintly acrid smell of wood smoke blended pleasantly with the pungent perfume of the pines.

Mario placed an easy chair for Priscilla, made it easier with cushions for her back and head, offered her cigarettes—and showed surprise when she refused them—lighted one for himself and threw it away half smoked, and knelt down beside her chair, resting his elbows on his arm and capturing one of her hands.

She tried to steel herself against the weakness of the flesh, the protests of her affections, the enervation of her sympathies, reminding herself she must be cruel to be kind. But it was terribly hard to hurt him as she must.

It wasn't as if she didn't care . . . The mere contact of his hand thrilled her heart to a faster tempo, quickening breath and pulses, affected all her being with tremors of fear and gladness, made her infirm and weak of purpose. She had for him only a pathetic apology for a smile, a forlorn little shake of her head.

A deeper concern shadowed his face. He asked tenderly: "What is it, dear? You must tell me . . ."

"It's going to be so hard," she said reluctantly, "to say what I must, I can't think how to begin, except in the bluntest way."

"Do not be afraid. Tell me frankly how I have failed you, in what respect I have fallen short—"

"But you haven't!"

"Then what it was I did to make you run away from me?"

"No—I didn't!"

He remonstrated sharply: "Leonora!"

"I'm not," she declared desperately—"I'm not Leonora."

"Why not?"

"I am not your wife, Mario."

"One moment . . ." Clutched with doubt, his eyes challenged the candor of hers, but found it flawless. At a loss—"What are you saying?" he muttered.

"The truth," she affirmed. "Oh, I'm sorry, Mario, so sorry—"

"But I don't understand . . ."

She sat up, closing his hand within her own.

"I'm so sorry," she reiterated—"but I must tell you, I can't avoid telling you: Leonora is dead."

He disengaged his hand and stood up sharply.

"Leonora!"

"Is dead. She was killed day before yesterday—"

"Are you out of your mind? Or am I?"

"Please listen—don't make it any harder than it is. Carnehan murdered Leonora while you were away, in town. You see, he wasn't killed in the fire, after all—he's alive. The identification of the body as his was a mistake—or a ruse to further his escape. I saw him last night. He was in that place—"

"I know Carnehan is not dead. But what is this nonsense you are trying to tell me?"

She repeated: "He killed Leonora. He met her—"

The man gave a gesture of exasperation.

"But one of us is mad!"

"No, Mario," she said gently—"neither of us—"

"But I see you—with my own eyes I see you sitting there, telling me this atrocious thing, that you are dead?"

"Not I, but Leonora—"

"But you are Leonora!"

"I tried, to begin with, to tell you I wasn't."

"But I see you—I tell you, I see you—"

"It's true, I believe, I look like Leonora—"

"Look like her?" He laughed shortly. "You are her!"

"But I am not," she persisted patiently. "Please, Mario, please listen to me before you question my sanity."

He was briefly silent, in a dazed stare, then made a sign of impatient defiance to her wish. "Go on, tell me her thing."

With what calm she could, but with resolution, she sought to win credulity from him by dint of repetition: "Leonora is dead. While you were away, day before yesterday, Carnehan found her here and killed her."

"How could that be, and the servants not know?"

"I only tell you what I know. I don't imagine Carnehan came to the house, I think he must have waylaid her, or met her by some accident, in the woods. I think Leonora was restless and lonely, unhappy without you, and wandered away during the afternoon, perhaps walked down the road toward evening, to meet you. If you remember, you promised to be home before dinner. And that gave Carnehan his opportunity for revenge. He trapped her and killed her—I don't know how—threw her body into a lake—"

"Enough!" Mario silenced her savagely. "It is not your sanity I question, but your good faith. How can you lie to me so abominably?"

"Ah, Mario!" she uttered sadly—"if I could only make you believe!"

"But why should you wish to? My God! what have I done, how injured you, that you should wish to break my heart?"

"I would rather mine broke, if it would save you this suffering."

He rounded on her in a fury which subsided as he perceived anew the unimpeachable honesty of her countenance.

"Your voice is sincere," he protested in amazement, "your look is kind . . . But how can I accept the testimony of my senses when I hear you lie? You do not love me."

She was mute in fear lest she betray herself if she attempted to answer that.

"You no longer love me," he insisted, nodding morosely. "You thought you did for a time, no doubt; but it was not so, you had deceived yourself, you wearied of my love. . . . Then, at the first opportunity, you ran away from me, ran back to lose yourself in my vanity. I thought—my love had saved you."

Melancholy yielded to a surge of indignation. "And when I find you there, in that vile den, in peril of your life, and rescue you and bring you back, you thank me by making up this preposterous tale, with your own tongue you tell me to my face you are dead, you attempt to deny the fact of your own existence! What am I to believe, then? That you are a vision, a creature of my imagination, a ghost? Ah, have done! A child would not attempt a deception so transparent."

"Oh, I am sorry, so sorry, Mario!"

The artlessness of that reiterated cry brought him back.

"If that is so, if you wish me to believe you are sorry—then let us have an end of this madness: admit you are my wife."

She could only shake her head. . . . He brooded with a fixed and sullen gaze.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Give a Thought to the Living.

It is remarkable how few of us ever think that angels may be entertained unwares, that the mistle may be the one who is in time to immortalize his name and cast lust on the country of his birth or adoption. It may be all right to canonize the great when they are dead, but it is sad to think how few of them have been appreciated while alive.—Exchange.

Wrongly Named.

The blindworm is not blind; neither is it a worm, but a kind of lizard.

THE GIRLS' DRESS

Young Ladies' Attire Should Be Neat, Inconspicuous.

Spotted Finery and Gay Colors Give Appearance of Carelessness, Fashion Critic Declares.

There is every reason why a young girl should strive to make herself attractive in appearance, says a fashion critic in Good Housekeeping. The trouble often is that her standard of what is attractive is wrong. It is a mistake to strive to be conspicuous, while it is right to look charming, neat and inconspicuous. Cleanliness and tidiness are two great factors. The hair and hands should be immaculate, while great puffs of hair and frowns are never attractive. Spotted finery or gay colors give an appearance of carelessness and frivolity which do not speak well for the business character of the individual or the work she is likely to perform, whereas cleanliness and well-brushed and becoming plain clothes inspire confidence and betoken a capable, self-respecting individual.

There is change in well-arranged hair and pretty clothes which every young girl should take advantage of, but do not make the mistake of thinking that exaggerated hair and fussy clothes have charm, whether during business hours or after. They have not. There is a correct standard of dress for business as well as for social life.

To be suitably dressed for a given occasion is to be well dressed. Upon the kind of work depends the costume. If most of the time is spent indoors, tailored dresses are more becoming than a shirtwaist and skirt. If, on the other hand, the work is out of doors, a suit is smarter. The overblouse now used, of the same shade as the suit, has done away with the hard line of demarcation between the light waist and dark skirt, which proved at all times unbecoming. Whether a dress or suit, the secret of smartness is simplicity of line and cut. Black, navy blue and brown are the most suitable colors for business, for they blend with their surroundings. The epitome of good taste is inconspicuous dressing. Well-dressed, well-bred women wear plain street clothes or tailored dresses during the day.

HANDSOME SPRING FUR PIECE



Stone marten of beautiful markings and becoming color promises to be the fashionable fur for spring wear. It will likely be worn well through the summer.

OSTRICH FEATHERS ARE USED

Fluffy Sprays Provide Decorations and Novelties Designed Especially for Evening Wear.

Interesting dress accessories are being made this season of ostrich feathers, curled or uncurled, and in any color preferred. All of these dainty novelties are for evening wear. The sketch offers a number of suggestions that may be varied to suit the individual.

No. 1 features a pretty wristlet made of long, slightly curled ostrich "feathers" combined with narrow black velvet ribbon. The arm decorations



shown in sketch No. 2 may be worn above the elbow, as illustrated, or at the wrist or half way between wrist and elbow. No. 3 offers a suggestion for a little ostrich-covered party bag. No. 4 shows a two-tier wristlet of ostrich floss and ribbon. No. 5 indicates how effective an armlet or wristlet of ostrich may be when finished with a tassel of ribbon and ostrich, and No. 6 shows a small dainty bag fashioned over a silk foundation and with a little mirror as the bottom. Long ribbon handles swing this bag from the wrist. It is meant only to hold a powder puff or other very diminutive toilet articles.—Baltimore American.

FASHIONS IN BRIEF

Paris is pushing the cause of the circular skirt.

Gray organdie will be smart for summer frocks.

Afternoon frocks appear as lace-over-satin creations.

Paris looks with favor upon hand-work of every kind.

Jeweled heels for shoes can be had in many delightful designs.

Fabrics rather than straw appear to be the millinery success to date.

Circular skirts and many side-plaited ones make the sum total of separate skirts.

Some of the new slippers are made in sandal shape with French heels which are high and slender.

Petticoat Petticoats.

Lovely petticoats are now made of Shetland wool. Light as thistledown, they are not relegated to the aged and the ailing, as when in popularity formerly. Even the most fastidious girl now admits them to her wardrobe.

A wadded satin petticoat is another combination of lightness, warmth and prettiness. It is wadded to about hip length, the quilting being done in fancy designs, such as large interlaced circles. These petticoats are popular for motor wear.

IN SMART MILLINERY THINGS

Wings of Brilliant Hue and in Lacerated Effect Are Among the Favored Trimmings.

Wings in brilliant colors and in lacerated effects are among the new millinery trimmings. Cockades and sweeping bows of wide ribbons, as well as glycerined ostrich and fantasy ornaments in cellophane and cellophane conspicuously on the smartest hats. The bows and cockades are posed directly at the front of the hat in such a way as to give height, quite in contrast to the broad, low trimmings which have been seen for so long